

MOLINEAUX AND HIS BATTLES

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Photo by Reutlinger: Paris.

A BEAUTY OF PARIS.

IT DOES NOT MAKE A PARTICLE OF DIFFERENCE WHAT HER NAME MIGHT BE,
FOR THERE IS NOTHING IN A NAME ANYHOW.



ESTABLISHED 1846.
ISSUED EVERY WEEK.

RICHARD K. FOX,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

Saturday, October 26, 1907

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THE SUPPLEMENT WITH THIS ISSUE:
HARRY BAKER, A Featherweight Boxer.

Miscellaneous Sports.

Delmore, 2:21½, is a new standard pacer
to the credit of Delmar.

Jack Mills recently defeated Roy Neyrus
in a wrestling match at Convention Hall, Kansas City.

The average rate of speed for trotters and
pacers at the two-weeks' Columbus meeting was 2:07¾.

Wilkes Heart is the third highest money-
winning trotter out this year, with \$12,999 to his credit.

There are letters at this office for Alex.
Swanson, Farmer Burns, Carl Pons, Fred Peel, and
Harvey Parker.

Another series of sensational stories by
Ike Swift will appear in this paper in a few
weeks.

Ed Sunderlin, driver of Angus Pointer,
2:01¾, who was so badly hurt while driving a race at an
Ohio fair, is at home at Lebanon and recovering slowly.

Perfection, the green trotter bought by
George Easterbrook of Denver for \$10,000, after she had
shown 2:06¾, is dead.

T. E. Walker, the great English road walk-
er, recently covered twenty-three and one-quarter miles
in three hours, twenty-eight minutes and fourteen
seconds.

Albert Sumter is the baby of the saddle.
He weighs but sixty-five pounds. Sumter is probably
the smallest boy riding in actual races for hard cash
and glory in the Metropolitan circuit.

IF YOU HAVE ANY INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPHS

OF ANY KIND
THAT WILL BE
SUITABLE FOR THE

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OFFICE FOR
PUBLICATION.

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OF

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STRONG MEN,

SOLDIERS AND
SAILORS,
RIDERS AND MARKSMEN,

BOXERS,

WRESTLERS,

FIGHTING DOGS, ETC.,

WILL BE PUBLISHED
FREE OF CHARGE.

RICHARD K. FOX, PUBLISHER,
NEW YORK CITY.

FROM THE MIMIC WORLD —BEHIND THE SCENES AND IN THE GREEN ROOM— OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Interesting Gossip Picked up Here and There About the
Artists Playing the Continuous Houses.

PROFESSIONAL NEWS SOLICITED FOR THIS PAGE

Vaudeville Actors and Actresses are Requested to Send Artistic Character
Photographs for Reproduction in Halftone.

Charles and Ada Kalmo are on the Keith
circuit.

Lewis and Chapin will continue with the
Fay Foster Company.

Bert McGarvey's new act, in which he
features his original Spanish operatic novelty, "Otero,"
is a hit. He is receiving two and three encores every
show over the three a day circuit, and his time is al-

Fred Peel will go in advance of Al Leech,
in "Happy Days."

Reports of continued success come from
the talented Dunedin Troupe.

Harry F. Dalton has returned from Den-
ver, Colo., where he has been for his health for the past
six months. He will rejoin his former partner, Joe M.
Allen, and the team will be known as heretofore, Allen



CARL PONS AND MRS. PONS.

The Well-known Greco-Roman Heavyweight Wrestler and His Wrestling Spouse.

ways extended from one to two weeks beyond his
original date.

Frank Walsh is on the Royer & Balston
circuit, playing through Pennsylvania, singing his own
songs.

The Musical Taneans, Geo. F. and Minnie,
have joined the Chas. K. Champlin Stock Company
for the season.

Howard Connor reports big success with
Burton's Vaudeville Company, but mourns the loss of
one of his trained poodles, Jipp.

Walsh, Lynch and Company opened a sea-
son of forty weeks with Fred Irwin's Big Show, at
Buffalo, and are reported to have scored a hit.

Burton and Primrose have dissolved part-
nership, and Miss Primrose is singing with illustrated
songs at the Family Theatre, Bowling Green, O.

F. C. Houghton, gymnast, states that he
has had a very successful season with Wyron Brothers'
Carnival Company, and opened with the Georgia Coon
Shooters, with which company he is the feature act.

WHEN YOU PLAY POKER

You want to play to win, of course. You can
dope the game out if you know how. POKER:
How to Win, will show you. Price 10 cents;
postage 2 cents extra.

The team should prove a success, as both are come-
dians, singers and dancers of a high class order.

Byrand and Saville have signed contracts
with the Western Vaudeville Association for thirty
weeks, opening at the Orpheum Theatre, Winnipeg,
Man., Sept. 23.

Newhold and Carroll closed a successful
season with the Trevino Circus in Mexico, and have
returned to New York to start their tour of the Klav
& Erlanger circuit.

George W. Moulton has joined Prescello
for ten weeks, to do his Yankee sketch, "Gamp's
Child," assisted by little Vivian Gladys Moulton and
finish with illustrated songs.

Clarence W. Berends, the Original Dutch
Comedian, is now manager and general comedian of
Clark's Big City Medicine Show, until Dec. 12, then
will appear in vaudeville for twelve weeks.

Pauline Westley and Carroll Drew report
that they have been engaged as special vaudeville fea-
ture with Morris Dubinsky's Wallace's Theatre Com-
pany, and their work is pleasing everywhere.

Leichter, the San Francisco cartoonist,
whose work is known all over the country, is the latest
newspaper man to enter vaudeville with a cartoon act,
that promises to surpass anything as yet seen.

W. M. Pollard is booking agent for the Pol-
lard Southern Vaudeville Circuit, which includes
houses in a number of the Southern cities. High class
acts are booked and thirty weeks can be provided.

Hanson and Drew closed sixteen weeks
(return dates) over the Sullivan & Considine circuit,
and report great success with their act, "The Bill
Poster," and have contracts for ten more weeks on the
same circuit.

Alce Hurley, husband of Marie Lloyd, will
present, for the first time in America, at the Colonial
Theatre, New York, Oct. 21, "The Costly Rosalind,"
with about sixty people on the stage. Mr. Hurley sings
his own songs.

Harry Monroe, acrobatic tramp comedian,
who closed with H. W. & Son Williams' "Cat and the
Moose" Company, as principal comedian, has signed
with the Western Vaudeville Association to play twenty
weeks on their circuit.

The Family Theatre, at Little Falls, N. Y.,
is receiving a general overhauling, and when completed
will give up-to-date pictures, illustrated songs and spe-
cialties. Besumont & Reardon, proprietors, are arrang-
ing a fine opening bill.

At the Saratoga (N. Y.) Exposition, recently,
Carle Cooke and a company of sixty, in "Bill Bailey's
Jubilee," put on a show of one hour's duration, which
consisted of songs, dances, sketches, marching, quar-
tettes and brass band music.

The International Four will now be known
as the International Trio. They have dropped one man
and the act is now composed of Wilkinson, Sully and
Wenrick. In their latest skit, entitled "The Big Noise,"
The new act is going big, and they are always working.

Sam Robinson, business manager of the
Oriental Cory Corner Girls Company, states that he
has been playing to record business so far all along the
line, and house managers have declared the above
company as being one of the strongest and best that
ever played their houses.

Chestie Cox, who has played baseball with
Duluth, Winnipeg and all over the country, has gone
into vaudeville. He is giving a baseball monologue
and it is said to be making a good impression. He was
with Brooklyn two years ago, and this year played
with the champion Winnipeg.

Unicycle Hay, of the act of Unicycle Hay
and Brother, who is now a feature of Vogel's Amusements,
reports that he is closing his sensational bike act with
a thriller. Mounted on an eight-foot cycle, he descends
a twenty-five-foot inclined ladder, backwards, a feat
which he claims to be the originator of.

Sam Barlow, known as "The Fellow in the
White Suit," is with the Barcourt Comedy Company.
He writes: "We are playing to comedy at every
stand. We have been up in Maine all Summer and
had an elegant time. My specialties are, as usual,
a big hit, and I have been commended both by press
and public."

Alice Johnson, who recently appeared in
vaudeville, presenting a clever sketch, in which she
won a personal triumph, has temporarily abandoned
the vaudeville stage. She is playing an important role
in "The Man from Home," and her Chicago notices
concerning her work in that play are highly compli-
mentary.

Carrie De Mar will make her vaudeville
appearance at Keith & Proctor's Twenty-third Street
Theatre, week of Oct. 23, in a new offering under Joe
Hart's direction. Harry Leonhardt succeeded in get-
ting her to make her vaudeville reappearance at his
house, and it is claimed that she will present an attrac-
tive specialty.

Happy Jim Bonham is making a big hit
over the Pastime circuit, doing his black face mono-
logue. He is singing Harry Polk Frink's big success,
"I Want to Be Your Honey," and doing his back and
wing dancing, which is a feature on the bill. He is
booked solid over this circuit, after which he has the
Gus Sun circuit.

A GOOD BARTENDER

Ought to have the NEW Hoffman House
Bartender's Guide, because it will keep
him posted on up-to-date drinks. Price 25
cents; postage 5 cents extra.

PUGILISTS OF OLD ENGLAND

No. 26.

Thomas Molineaux, who has been called the dangerous opponent of Cribb, is certainly worth a space in this series of stories. Unknown and without friends he made his way to London after his skill and strength had been tried in Virginia where he was born. He was self-confident at any rate, and had great faith in his ability to hold his own with the best men the world could produce. Immediately upon his arrival in London he made the rounds of the more prominent sporting houses and challenged any one who had the temerity to face him.

He was first tried out with a Bristol man whose name has been forgotten, and the encounter took place on July 14, 1810. The papers of that date had this to say about him:

The newly come American Black is a formidable fellow; in height five feet nine inches, his weight between thirteen and fourteen stone, his age twenty-six years. He was introduced under the auspices of his colored countryman, Bill Richmond, who seconded him. Tom Cribb waiting upon the Bristol man, who was a robust but rather clumsy fellow of six feet in height, weight not stated. The scene of the action was Tophill Fields. The Bristol boxer was strong and game, but beyond these qualities he was a poor specimen of the West Country school. The black kept himself close, but seemed to have little idea of delivering at distance. He merely ripped or hit at half arm, and when he struck kept his elbows close to his body. His style of infighting, however, was peculiar, and he caught his big antagonist so heavily and frequently in the body as to knock the wind out of him, and then began to practice upon his head so dexterously that at the end of an hour of desperate mulling, the Bristol man was compelled to give in, scarcely a feature in his face being distinguishable. The two seconds, Cribb and Richmond, had a quarrel concerning an alleged foul blow, and had a short, sharp turn-up. There was but one round, but that quite satisfied Richmond, who was too good a judge to take a thrashing for love, which he might soon have had. Although not the most expert boxer that ever offered himself for pugilistic fame, Molineaux was considered a promising chicken, and was immediately matched with Tom Blake, better known by the title of Tom Tough, who was at this time forty years of age.

Tuesday, Aug. 21, 1810, was the day fixed, and the spot where Richmond and Madrox last contended was agreed upon, on the coast about four miles from Margate, and two from Revellers. At an early hour every vehicle was in motion to gain the goal of sport, and at one o'clock Blake came in dashing style, seated in an honorable baronet's barouche, with his seconds Tom Cribb and Bill Gibbons. A ring was formed, and at half past one Molineaux was modestly introduced by his humble, but perhaps more firm, supporter, Richmond. After the usual ceremony the combatants set to.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1—There was considerable curiosity among the swell division to see the new specimen in ebony, on whose merits Master Richmond was so eloquent to all visitors to the Horse and Dolphin. There was some cautious sparring for about a minute in which Molineaux showed that he had been taking lessons and improved by them. Soon, however, Blake seized an opening, put in two smart hits, right and left, and stopped Molineaux's return. The men closed and fought at half-arm. Blake slipped from Molineaux, but while in the act received a tremendous chopping blow in the back of the neck, which Molineaux repeated with his right hand over his head, and brought him down. Betting even.

Round 2—Blake again made play, but soon found that two or three hits, although well planted, were not sufficient to throw Molineaux off his legs. He received the hits with great snarl and frolic, and at length beat down his opponent's guard with his left hand, and with a degree of quickness and dexterity, which in Dutch Sam or Tom Belcher would have been considered an astonishing effort of science, brought Blake down by a

Molineaux, the American Negro, who Fought Twice for the Championship

most severe blow with the right. Odds six to four on the Black.

Round 3—Blake evinced great distress in his mind. Molineaux ran in to take advantage, but received a chattering jaw hit. They rallied, and both fell, Molineaux uppermost.

Round 4—A hard round, and such a one as convinced the judges that Blake had trained off. Molineaux rendered his guard perfectly useless, as by strength of hitting he broke through it, and although Blake planted many good blows, they had not an equal effect to those of his opponent, as his face sufficiently exemplified. The round lasted two minutes, obstinate rough fighting, and Blake, after putting in a good body hit was knocked down. Odds rose to five to two in favor of Molineaux.

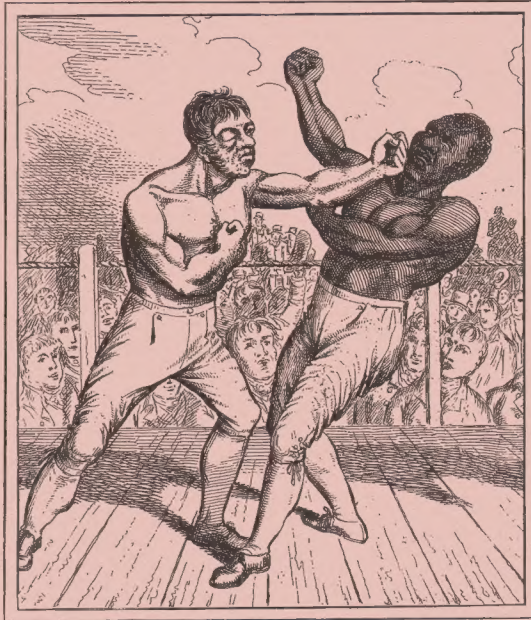
Round 5—Blake bled copiously, but with great cour-

age declared he was after the championship. His mind was set on meeting Cribb, and on many occasions he showed to admiring throngs how he would serve the champion if he ever got him in the ring. Finally a match was made for 200 guineas, the event to come off on Dec. 18, 1810. The story of the battle has been told in the memoirs of Cribb. Three days later he again challenged Cribb.

About this time, Bob Gregson, who had been doing considerable matchmaking, and who was looking after the interests of a Lancashire man named Rimmer, issued a challenge to Molineaux, and a fight was arranged for May 21, 1811, at Mowley. When the men were ready the betting on the Black was three to one.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1—A couple of minutes were spent in sparring, in which neither man displayed much grace, though both looked formidable. Rimmer then let go



CRIBB AND MOLINEAUX.

A Hard, Punishing, Gruelling Battle, in which Both Men were Badly Beaten.

age rushed to a rally, in which Molineaux got his left arm around his neck, and holding his head fished him so dreadfully that Blake fell exhausted.

Round 6—Molineaux now thought it time to beat his man off hand. He rushed in, chopped down his opponent's guard with his right hand, and knocked him completely off his legs with his right by a tremendous hit. Any odds in favor of Molineaux.

Round 7—Blake in this round rallied determinedly; he exchanged some good hits dexterously, but was too weak for this work and fell.

Round 8—This was the last round. Molineaux began as furiously as in the sixth. Blake retreated, but was forced to rally to extricate himself from the iron grasp of his adversary. He put in a successful hit on Molineaux's cheek, but it was returned so forcibly on the head that it laid him to sleep for some time.

The time having expired, Blake was still insensible, and accordingly Molineaux was acknowledged the victor.

Encouraged by Bill Richmond, and patronized by some of the leading sporting men of the day, Molineaux

Every one now sympathized with the dreadful situation of the novice, and odds now rose to any amount in favor of Molineaux, but no takers.

Round 5—Rimmer evinced great alertness, made a long hit at double distance and fell.

Round 6—Rimmer again hit short, and fell, evidently very weak.

Round 7—For the first time Rimmer had the best of the fighting in this round; he put in a good blow, with his left hand and rallied with great courage, but fell at length over his opponent's legs.

Round 8—Both hit over and Rimmer fell. Round 9—Rimmer exerted every effort to gain the superiority, rallied well and threw Molineaux.

Round 10—Molineaux appeared almost ferocious, and went in determined to repay him for his past favors. He followed Rimmer mulling him to every part of the ring, and at length felled him.

Round 11—Rimmer rallied and showed pluck. Some good hits were exchanged, but Rimmer hit widely without judging distance, and kept his head doubled in his chest which stopped several blows, and he at length came down.

Round 12—Rimmer made a body hit which again fell short, and almost in a state of frenzy he ran in, caught Molineaux by the thighs and threw him in Lancashire style. Many cried "Foul," others "Fair," but the fight went on.

Round 13—Rimmer struck Molineaux over the mouth, when the Black ran in and threw him.

Round 14—A rally. Rimmer closed, and a complete trial of strength ensued. Both fell, Rimmer bringing down his man by Lancashire insensibility.

Round 15—Rimmer retreated around the ring, Molineaux following, and at length by a severe blow in the wind brought him down, when he was indisputably "dead beat."

At this time the ring was broken; peers, ploughmen, fighting men, chimney sweeps, costermongers, were all in one tumultuous uproar, which continued for at least twenty minutes without any reason being assignable. At length, however, by the exertions of Cribb and others, the ring was restored and the combatants, who had neither left the ring were again set to, but greatly to the discomfiture of Rimmer who could hardly stand. During the time he received but ten more tremendous blows and then gave in. Rimmer displayed great courage; he had an unfortunate knack of giving his head when he hit, and appeared to be timid towards his adversary by which error many blows fell short.

From this time on no pugilist seemed anxious to fight the Virginian, nor could he get on another battle with Cribb who had publicly announced his retirement from the ring, until Tom was called upon by public sentiment to "prevent the championship of England from being held by a foreigner." So it happened that Molineaux once again entered the ring with the champion at Thilston (Spa, Leicestershire, Sept. 28, 1811, where he was finished in twenty minutes.

Molineaux's course from this time was a downward one. He quarreled with his best friends, and declared he had been an ill-used man. He had a seventeen minute street fight with Power, and was usually discomfited. He started on a provincial tour, where, as the man who had twice fought the champion, he was a money getter.

He was also a good wrestler and at the Exeter meeting on July 27, 1812, he entered himself for the public prize of ten guineas, but all he got was a fearful fall from John Snow, of Moreton.

The following is reprinted from the *Leicester Mercury*, of Feb. 3, 1813:

"Jay, the pugilist, has challenged Molineaux to fight at any notice he may please, but Blakey remains both deaf and dumb to this challenge, as he did to Cribb's immediate acceptance of a vaunting challenge to him. The champion promises him a love dressing for his bounce if he should be prevailed upon to come to London."

Here is what Molineaux answered:

LEICESTER, Feb. 10, 1813.

"I, the said Molineaux, do declare that I never received any challenge but through the medium of your print; but I am ready to fight Jay any place within the County of Leicester, for a sum not exceeding £200, if accepted within one month of the above date. In opposition to that part of the paragraph which relates to Cribb, I do declare that I sent him a challenge within two months, but I have received no answer; my friends being mentioned in the challenge, who would back me to any amount, and that I have not received any challenge from Cribb since I last fought him.

N. B.—Letters left at the Post Office, Leicester, will be duly attended to.

"The mark of X. THOR. MOLINEAUX."

Continuation of Molineaux's career in next week's issue.



DAINTY AND BEWITCHING BELLE OF THE CASINO, PARIS.



SHE IS A CHARMING PARISIAN SINGER OF MUCH TALENT.



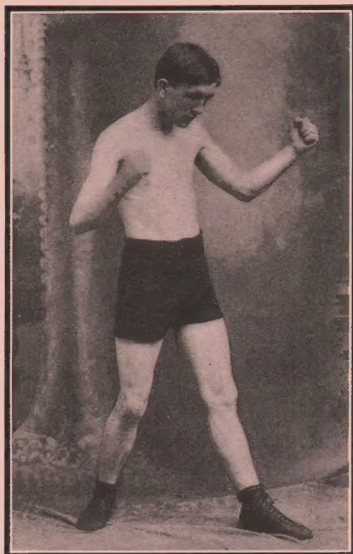
DE MORLAIX IN HER HANDSOME MIDSUMMER COSTUME.



CLAIRE ROSEAUX, REAL BEAUTY OF THE FRENCH STAGE.

ROSES FROM THE GARDEN OF FRANCE.

FOUR BEAUTIES WHO COULD TURN THE HEADS OF THE WILLIE BOYS WHO ARE SUSCEPTIBLE ENOUGH TO FALL FOR THE GLITTER OF THE STAGE.



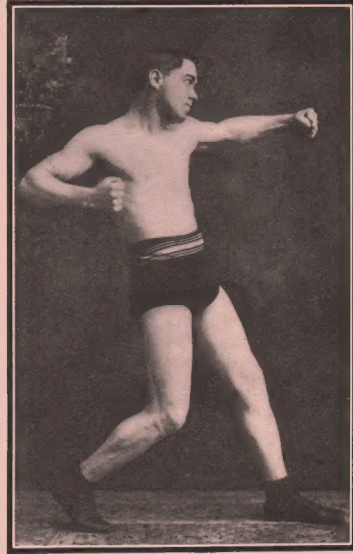
BATTLING HURLEY.

A WALLINGTON, N. J. LAD, WHO CHALLENGES AT 126 POUNDS.



JOHNNIE CONRAD.

HE IS SAID TO BE ONE OF THE BEST AND FASTEST BATON SPINNERS.

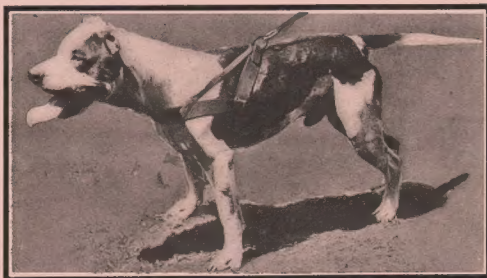


JACK EVANS.

A HARD-HITTING LIGHTWEIGHT OF SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.



BRITISH DEMON.

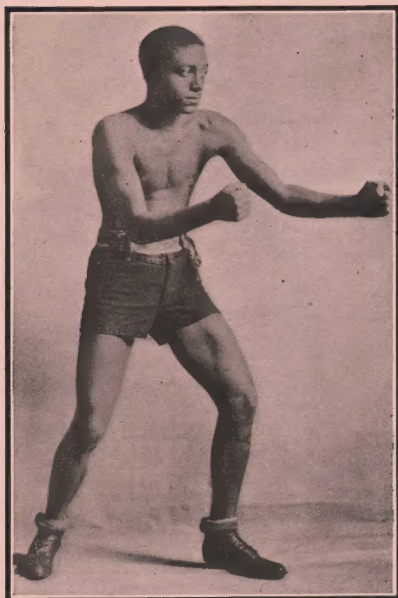


SPRING.



PADDY.

THREE GREAT PIT BULLS, TRUE TYPES OF THE GAME FIGHTING DOG, WHO ARE NOW AT STUD—THEY WERE BRED AND ARE OWNED BY J. L. SCHOFIELD, THE FAMOUS DOG FANCIER, OF LEXINGTON, MISSOURI.



MIKE (TWIN) EMMET.

HE'S A CLEVER BOXER OF UNIONTOWN, PA., WHO WANTS A FIGHT.



ALL GOOD FELLOWS HERE.

A BUNCH OF SPORTS OF THE CITY OF BALTIMORE, MD, ON ONE OF THEIR FAMOUS OUTINGS NEAR THE MONUMENTAL CITY.

NO REFORM

CAN BE NOTICED IN THE

AVERAGE CROOK

Once they are Released from Jail they Usually get
Back on their Old Job Again.

MANY OF THEM REFORM--BUT NOT ON THE LEVEL

Even the First Offenders Spend their Time While Behind the Bars in
Framing Things up for a Good, Big Job.

"They're overworking that Jean Valjean gag in a lot of different sections, you'll have noticed," observed a veteran Headquarters detective in commenting upon the case of the Kansas City man who, after escaping from a Federal prison and settling down to a straight life, was squealed upon by a released prison mate and taken back to the penitentiary, only to be pardoned by the President a short time ago upon the petition of some tens of thousands of Missourians.

"That K. C. bird may have been all right—I'm not saying that he wasn't; but he didn't belong to the lag push. He dipped into the till of the post office where he was working to toll out marshallman money or something like that, and, that being a Federal job, they skidded him along right quick. When he made a good getaway from the Fort Leavenworth stir he was still just a young fellow that had been grabbed while lifting his first piece of change, and no real lag at all, and so, though a lot of muss was made and ink scattered around about his case, it doesn't really count at all, except that it gave a new nudge along to this Jean Valjean thing that gives some folks a chance to put you hep to it that they've read the Hugo book, which, maybe, is wiser most of them spring it.

"You can take it from me that just as much as eggs is egg legs is lags. Nobody who knows anything about lags is falling for that E flat dirge music junk about them being hounded back to prison by the bulls when, after getting out, they're just crazy, so they are, to lead an honest, idyllic life and get jobs driving taxicabs and things and chipping in for the Home Missionary Society. That's the nine beers kind of music that you hear everywhere these days about lags that are pinched on suspicion soon after they drop into town from the stir, but it's just the rubby after hours stuff and doesn't go for half a yen when the right facts are pointed.

"Thirty years of bulling around after and alongside of sure enough lags has taught me that only about one out of a hundred of them ever by any chance feels like grooving into the square path at any stage of the run. They themselves laugh at that Jean Valjean stuff. It's an old joke for a fly cop to toss it at a just released lag who's hanging around. 'Well, bo, you're for a job as a motorman now, eh?' and the lag is always there with a chuckle at the thought of that and says he is ready, nine times out of ten. 'Not be long as I can pull anything off and duck you fat necks,' and he means it. They go to work? Keep hours? Stand for discipline? Dig for a few bones a week? Turn into the shucks at night at the time other folks see the hay? Let all of the good, easy things slide by their heads? Watch the still working lags of their push getting the kale in fat mumps while they, the Jean Valjeans, prowl around the white letter basheries for their eats?

"Not any! They don't see it. They'll tell you so. Scores of 'em have told me so flatly. Doing their bit in stir doesn't chuck any of what the sky pilots call the grace of God into them. 'All that for Phineas and the end book,' most of them are saying to themselves while the chaplain is unrolling his words of advice on Sundays up the road. The live thing easy with pork chops meat, for mine."

"Once I met a noted dip who was mooching out of the Grand Central Station after doing a three specker. We stood and chatted for a bit.

"'Well,' said I, 'you're going to edge away after having fanned it over, you'll be doing that lettuce thing about 'The Reformed Man' at the Y. M. C. A. next Sunday evening, eh?'

"'Yep,' said he, walking over to me—I was ten feet away from him by that time—"I'm liable to, as long as I'm still there with the slick mitt and 've got my hand in like I see I have now. You might as well take your clock along with you, mate, and be handed me my watch."

"He'd slid it out of my wallet pocket and loosed it from the chain while I was talking to him, and I'd take my cash I'd never been closer than three feet to him.

"I suppose there was a whole lot of lead, the straight life stuff rippling through the back of that swell dip's cone. He went to Chicago after that and he's still the first dip in C. I. with a mob of his own, and nary case to jolly Joliet yet, either.

"There was one of those Jean Valjeans with the copper on up the State a few years ago whose tumble off the Hugo pedestal his neighbors had built for him was some sudden and some quick.

"This one was a lank, person-looking phony currency clock who'd done several bits in different straits for etching up and passing the imitation silk threaded documents that had a lot of the real tang and feel to them—his \$20 gold certificate was a thing that made even the Sub-Treasury folks put their goggles on.

"When he got out of the lift two times dump on the Hudson the last time, less than half a dozen years ago, he gave it up to all hands of us flies that he met down here that it was going to be him for the probity and rectitude thing, and he was called at the headquarters of the Secret Service folks here and told 'em that the God-fearing life was to be the only one to show on his course from then on, and that there was no more chance that he'd ever again try to fix up the maybe ne-

gotiable papers than that he'd run for President of Paraguay. All of that made the mean things of Secret Service people laugh right out loud, the coarse crust, but the craver only staked them to the sad and sweet gas and told them that he meant it all, plus.

"He yamped to a little town a hundred miles or so up the State soon after that, rented himself a cute little cottage on the outskirts of the village, with honey-suckle vines and other stage props draped around it, benevolently took an old woman out of the county poorhouse to keep house for him, took on at the nice little mossy church down on Main street, boned for the



SHIRLEY, THE BOY CLOWN.

He is on Tour with the Successful, Aggregation Known as Bonheur Brothers Golden Mascot, Dog, Goat, Monkey and Pony Show in the West.

Job of assistant road supervisor and got it, mooched around and set on the front porches with the old boys and listened to 'em talk about the Mohawk war and all such like. Just as nice and cunning as anything you ever heard of in all your born days. He let a pair of grizzled Burnside pop out of his jaws to give the gag a tone, was there with the da-da and gon' by stuff when he passed the village ladies' beds. Watched by their mothers, and the softest war ice cream that was ever turned out of a hokey police wagon wouldn't have melted in his chops, believe me.

"Then one restful afternoon a low browed Secret Service man with a village man's mien came into the village with some gunny papers, the which required him to take a-hold of the Burnside boy and remove him down this way to be looked over. The Secret Service man took his man on his honey-suckle shrouded porch and trussed him to the village calaboose, and then the world began to rock around the Secret Service man's ears.

"That is to say, the village rose at him. The weekly paper, out that day, got out a wuxtry with some front page double-headed junk about the outrage that had been perpetrated upon one of the village's best citizens, a newcomer. It was true, but a man who had, by his precept and example, shown himself to be, &c.—a whole bit like that. The leading citizens of the county, hearing about it, dray up to the calaboose to demand

JAMES J. CORBETT

The Boxing Champion of the world has all written No. 9 of Fox's Athletic Library. It is a little wonder at the price (13 cents in stamps). It contains a complete course of lessons, how to train, and 46 full-page illustrations.

the excellent citizen's release instant. But the common looking Secret Service man with the maroon moustache put up the holler that some of his mates would be arriving from New York that evening to search the pinched man's cottage and that it would be a violation of United States law for the village authorities to turn the man loose until that end of it had been attended to.

"Four or five of the mean old Secret Service prowlers got to the village by the night train from New York, and they made a quick poke through the pinched one's cottage. They didn't find a single, solitary thing there but a stack of the finest \$20 and \$50 national bank plates that are now on view at the Treasury in Washington, and about half a ton of the crackling silk threaded paper that couldn't be told from the really and truly kind, and a gasoline operated press in the cellar and some sample copies that had already been run off to grease up the machinery. It was one of the nicest hauls the Government agents had made in a long while, and yet the village authorities had been upon the pin point of turning that crack punk paper maker loose that afternoon when the Jean Valjean matter had been set up that he was the victim of persecution on the part of the bulls.

"And, time and again, I've seen kindly old employers get the 2X at the hands of lagged employees of theirs whom they took back into their employ out of the goodness of their hearts and with the belief that the 'rescued' lags would just bust themselves wide open to do the right thing.

"A Philadelphia bull was telling me of a case of that kind that happened down in his hamlet; the windup of it occurred only a few months ago.

"Nearly three years ago a young fellow working as cashier for an old Quaker ship chandler got to tinkering with the back room handbook makers, and the old, old thing came off. He felt to feeling the till for any straggling change that could be squeezed out and covered up on the books, and when they got hep to him he was some two thousand on the yon side, with no chance of making it up.

"It was a sudden pinch for him, and the old Quaker ship chandler was there with that Coolidge bitterness.

chance. Then, one forenoon, not long ago, he traipsed gayly over to a Chestnut Street bank and cashed a paper with the old Quaker's genuine signature for \$24,000, and the bank with the tip in the breeze staid of old man Penn hasn't seen him since. He made one of the champagne getaways that's ever been pulled off by any Philadelphian, and, from New Orleans I think it was, he wrote a little scrawl to his old Quaker boss, in which he adverted to him as a messenger tightwad, and in which he said that it had made him as sore as a butcher to be put away in the first place for pinching out such a little mess of change as two thousand, and that he'd just rigged things up a purpose to get back into the old boy's employ so that he could frisk the aged Quaker for a package worth while. And while he had the gall to mail that note so that it would get a date mark stamped on it, and although the date mark trail was promptly taken up, they haven't got that Jean Valjean yet.

"Real Jean Valjeans are rarer than 1894 silver backs. The bulls don't hunt and shadow just out lags for fun, and they don't prevent 'em from making that honest living and run 'em in for hygienic purposes. That's all right, by way of giving stuff for the hind piece of an afternoon stocktype, but the people who know that kind of stuff are generally the folks who need to be staked to those 'M green tickets for the nut works."

PUGILISTIC ITEMS.

George Memsie is going to England with Tommy Burns.

Moving pictures were taken of the fight between Jack Sullivan and Billy Squires.

Joe Gans has got so much money now that he has turned down a \$10,000-a-week theatrical offer.

Peter Maher lost his saloon in New York the other day because he could not pay \$188 back rent.

Kid Ferrio received the decision over Joe Welsh, at Havertill, Mass., recently, in a five-round bout.

Joe Thomas and Young Ketchell are scheduled to meet again on November 28, at San Francisco, California.

Wrestler Frank Gotch denies that he will take up the manly art, and says he will stick to the grappling game.

Billy Murphy knocked out Tom Tuohy, the Australian Squadron champion, in one round at New Zealand recently.

Tom Sawyer and Jack Mahan fought a twelve-round draw at Havertill, Mass., recently. Both are watersiders.

Abe Attell wants to meet Joe Gans at 133 ponds ringside, and has wired Promoter McCrory at Los Angeles, Cal., to try and arrange a match.

Ike Swift's "Sketches of Gotham," snappy and brilliant stories, will appear in a few weeks. Keep your eye out for them.

Fred Welsh and Jim Driscoll, the feather-weight champion of England, will sail for this country soon. Welsh is after Johnny Summers for a match.

Promoter Coffroth, of San Francisco, is to have his boxing stadium at Colma, Cal., roofed over, so that he can hold bouts at night as well as daytime.

The receipts of the Sullivan-Squires bout were \$7,286. Sullivan's end amounted to \$2,178.50, and the Tommy received \$1,458.20 as a share of his defeat.

Tommy Burns has decided to make the trip to England to box Gunner Moll, though he can get more money by staying at home and meeting Jack (Twin) Sullivan.

A syndicate of English sports who believe that Spike Robson can beat any 125-pound boxer in the world, has subscribed \$5,000 for a side bet against an opponent that weight.

Kid Dufresne, of Lewiston, Me., and Joe Wagner, the New York boxer, went six fast rounds at Augusta, Me., on Oct. 4. A draw would have been a good decision if one was given.

Jack O'Brien has written to Bob Deady of the new Philadelphia club to give him a bout with any one. Deady believes that O'Brien has really repented and intends to give him a match.

Joe Gans, finding that the fans were giving him the laugh over his proposition to give his title to Memsie, lost no time when he reached Baltimore to deny that he made such a senseless offer.

That there is great interest in boxing in the English army and navy was shown by the entry list in the championships at Aldershot, Eng. There were 204 officers and men to compete in the eight classes.

Many of the wise fans of San Francisco sold on Bill Squires in his recent bout with Sullivan. William Britz dropped \$400, Promoter Coffroth lost about \$200, and Squire's new manager, Jack McNamee, lost the same amount.

Al Kaufman, and his manager, Billy Delaney, are figuring on going to England. Delaney has written to Tom O'Rourke, who is now in England, to try and get Kaufman on with Gunner Moll, and if O'Rourke's reply is favorable they will go.

You can't blame Bill Squires for sticking around very well. Since Bill came to this country he has had two fights and cleaned up \$10,000. That's more than he would receive if he had stayed in Australia and fought every month for the next two years.

Danny Dunn injured his ankle in his go with Tommy Nelson at the Brooklyn A. C., recently, in New York, and after four rounds of fast fighting Dunn was unable to continue. He had all the better of the bout up to the time he injured his foot. Dunn will be kept out of the ring for two months owing to the injury.

HAVE YOU ANY

Photographs of Sporting Events or Athletic Incidents worth publishing? If so send them to us at once, with full particulars, and we will publish them free of charge.

PUGILISTIC HONORS

—THERE MAY BE A CHAMPION ON HIS WAY UP—

FOR THE SCRAPPY BOYS

The Game of Hit, Stop and Get Away Flourishing, but
not much Doing in the Top-notch Class.

PAY PARTICULAR ATTENTION TO OUR CHALLENGES

Al Kauffman made Dave Barry Throw up the Sponge—Tim Callahan Still the
Clever Boxer—O'Brien and Deshler in a Whirlwind Bout.

Al Kauffman, the California heavyweight, stopped Dave Barry, of Chicago, in three rounds at the Industrial A. C., Philadelphia, Pa., on Oct. 11.

It was the first appearance of either man in the East, and there was considerable curiosity to see the former, who has been in this city for some time, but who had never been in action.

Barry is a short, chunky built fellow, and Kauffman had a great advantage in height and reach.

Kauffman stripped well and created a very favorable impression. He is quick on his feet and seems to have a fair knowledge of the art of boxing, although he did not get much chance to show how much he knew of the game, as there was practically no one in front of him during most of the contest. Barry being little more than a punching bag, and all that could be said for the latter is that he showed himself to be game and willing to take his medicine. Just after the men had shaken

and Yank Schwartz boxed a draw, as did also Jimmy Livingstone and Hughey McCain. Charley Miller beat Young Farrell, of Tacony.

TIM STILL CLEVER.

Tim Callahan, the Philadelphia boxer, made his reappearance in the ring after a long period, at the Spring Garden A. C., in Philadelphia, on Oct. 7, in a bout with Billy Willis. Tim was slow, but he has lost none of his cleverness, and he picked his openings with a wonderfully good eye.

The first three rounds were tame. The fourth was Callahan's by a big margin. Willis ran into a number of stiff lifts, but got back with blows to Callahan's body. Tim continued to jab Willis and drew blood from his nose. Callahan also swung his right to Billy's jaw.

Willis was the aggressor in the fifth round, but he was wild and Tim evaded many of his swings and got in quickly with short-arm punches to the face and body. In the sixth round Willis staggered. Tim with a right swing on the jaw. Billy rushed in hard and twice more swung his right to Callahan's face. In a hard mix-up Callahan got in a hard left to Willis' eye, closing that member.

After the fight Willis went to the Pennsylvania Hospital, where it was found that he had broken his left arm. Billy claimed that the injury was received in the fourth round, when Callahan blocked one of his swings. Willis broke the same arm last spring in a bout at the National A. C.

In the preliminaries Chuck Morrissey was defeated by Young Nelson in the first round, the former being knocked down four times. Eddie Ward and Young O'Brien boxed a draw and Kid Beebe was defeated by Frankie Moore.

DESHLER OUTPOINTED.

In a whirlwind bout of ten rounds at the Winnie-mett A. C., Chelsea, Mass., on Oct. 10, Rouse O'Brien, of South Boston, in the opinion of the majority of the fans, bested Dave Deshler of Cambridge, Mass. It was a great contest for the spectators to watch, as the boxers were busy all the time, and it is doubtful if any one at the club ever witnessed any faster scrapping.

O'Brien was a puzzle to Deshler at times, so much so that several times he stumbled Deshler in the face with the right. It was O'Brien's body smashes and left hooks to the jaw that did the business. O'Brien is a much better boxer than he was when he boxed last at the club, while Deshler is apparently going back. Several times during the contest Deshler was a bit wobbly, but he continued to box in an aggressive manner.

In the semi-final bout Denny Ryan of Cambridge made Dan Mahan quit in two rounds. The trial bouts in the 115-pound competition created a lot of excitement. In the first, Alger outpointed Dave of Boston in the three rounds. In the second, Stone of the West End bested Farrell of Chelsea in three rounds. In the third, Decker of Lynn was over Gardner of the West End in two rounds.

MACK AND ATTELL DRAW.

The spectators at the Broadway A. C., Baltimore, Md., on Oct. 10, witnessed a good eight-round bout between Kid Attell and Young Mack, who was fortunate enough to get a draw.

For the first five rounds Mack played to the grandstand, blocking and ducking, with Attell doing all the fighting. In the last three of the eight-round mill he got busy and straightened up Attell with some vicious right and left swings.

The semi-windup went six rounds, and Battling Kelly, of Philadelphia, won the decision over Terry McGraw. The fight was a pretty one, and Kelly showed some little knowledge of the game. McGraw was strong and game, but lacked generalship and footwork. In one minute and a half little Benny Winters was laid low by Kid Lenzy. The bouts were opened with a battle royal, and Black Bill and Ed Burke had to fight off an extra round, which Burke won.

GAMENESS SAVED LYNCH.

Great gameness alone kept Johnny Lynch on his feet in a fifteen-round bout with Al Delmont, one of the best belted men in the country. They met at the Stand and A. C., Lonsmanville, B. I., on Oct. 8.

Delmont tried hard to land a knockout punch, but he didn't have it with him, and Lynch, although cruelly punished and practically helpless, stuck it out until the bell rang.

The crowd of six hundred fans gave the Cambridge boy a great hand for his exhibition of pluck, and in the

YOU WILL KNOW CARDS

If you consult a copy of Fox's Revised Hoyle's Games. Conceded to be the standard of to-day. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents extra. Police Gazette Office, New York.

fifteenth round, when Delmont was trying his hardest to floor his man, the throne was very quiet.

The bout showed that Lynch has gone back, and is not the fighter he used to be.

The first six rounds were even. Lynch showing fine footwork and keeping out of danger. Delmont commenced to whiff over his left in the seventh, and by the time the round closed had sized up his man, and boxed easily for the next five rounds, the Cambridge boy seldom landing a punch.

The bell saved Lynch in the thirteenth, and it looked as if he would not be able to stay the limit. His seconds patched him up between rounds, and although Delmont rained blows upon his head and body in the last two sessions, Lynch kept on his feet.

Young Joe Grim and George Jansen, local boys, boxed a draw in the semi-final, while Young Nelson, after three rounds in the curtain mail, Young Hanlon, also of that city, getting the bout.

POLICE DIDN'T BUTT IN.

The Long Acre Club of New York City succeeded in giving a boxing show on October 10th without police interference, and there were about two hundred members on hand. The bouts were as follows:

Young Kid Broad and Fatty Ross started things up in great style, the latter being the fatter of the two. Broad made a whirlwind finish, but his opponent's lead was too much to overcome. Matty Hagan won four rounds to a draw and Tommy Nelson and George Kilson boxed the same number of rounds without either having the advantage.

Many attempts were made by the police to enter, but they were told to send in membership applications and they would be acted upon at the next meeting of the club.

[MORE PHILADELPHIA BOUTS.]

Every seat in the Bijou Theatre, Philadelphia, was filled on Oct. 8, and the big audience evinced pleasure when Fred Douglas stepped in front of the curtain to announce the programme. The first pair were Jerry Sullivan and Young Cooke, and what they did not know about boxing would fill a big book, but they made up for it in willingness, and at the end of four rounds Cooke had the best of it. Grassy Shields and Chastey Miller were the second pair on, and it only took Grassy one round to put Miller out of business. The wind-up was a case of a strong, rough fellow against the clever boxer, and Joe boxer won out. The men were Charley Harvey, 105 pounds, and Battling Flinn, 112 pounds. Harvey had the best of the bout, although Flinn made him do his best to win out.

The Swift's new book, "Sketches of Gotham," is on the market. It sells for \$1; postage 12 cents extra.

HARDY HURT HIS HAND.

Christy Williams, a sturdy colored welterweight boxer, who has scored several victories in the West, was awarded the decision over Jack Hardy after eight rounds at Dayton, Ohio, recently.

Williams outclassed his opponent from the start, and apparently it was only a question of time until he won by the knockout route. In the eighth round Hardy slipped and fell several times, and at the conclusion of the round told his seconds that he would be unable to continue because of a broken hand. The fight was then awarded to Williams. The winner was challenged by John Duncan and Kid Asbe, Cincinnati pugilists. Bear Green and Kid Wagner fought a slow six-round preliminary to a draw.

A SECOND JOE GRIM.

Young Carl tried to do the Joe Grim act in the wind-up at the Wayne A. C., at Philadelphia, Pa., on Oct. 3.

Carl showed ability to withstand almost any sort of punishment, and during the six rounds of their bout Carter knocked him down at least twenty times, but Carl had an iron jaw and could not be knocked out. He had the referee to blame that he did not enter the bout. In the sixth round, after he had taken the count a great many times, the referee counted him out too quick and although he was able to continue the fighting the victory was given to Carter.

In the semi-windup Alex German beat Young Donahue in six very fast rounds ended with sensational fighting. In the other preliminaries Young Hoxek knocked out Young Moody in the second round, the latter having to be carried to his corner. Shine Brown and Fred Goli fought a six-round draw. Buck Berlin beat Young Crooks in the fourth round of their bout in which Crooks was knocked down and had to be carried to his corner.

EACH GOT THE AWARD.

At the Cape Ann A. C., at Gloucester, Mass., on Oct. 7, three bouts were scheduled, the main event being one of twelve rounds between Billy Clinton, of Lowell, and George Murray, of Lynn. After about a minute's fighting in the fifth round Referee Fleming awarded the fight to Murray on a foul, but on examination by a doctor it was found that he had not been fouled. Murray refused to continue and the referee then gave the decision to Clinton.

The semi-final of eight rounds between Denny Ryan, of Cambridge, and Young Cahill, of Boston, was declared a draw.

Kid Carter, of Boston, lost to Eddie Jones, of Beverly, on a foul in the third round of a six-round preliminary.

HARRY BAKER.

[WITH SUPPLEMENT.]

Harry Baker only a few years ago an amateur boxer on the Pacific Coast is now one of the best boys in the professional ranks. He made his debut in the East at Philadelphia, and with the fight critics made a favorable impression, though it was only a six-round bout.

Baker made such short work of the amateurs on the Coast that he turned professional, and gave feather-weight champion Abe Attell a hard twenty-round battle at Los Angeles. Though he lost the decision, the game battle he put up brought him before the public and he came East seeking new honors.

CHALLENGES

[The challenge editor will be pleased to publish all legitimate challenges in all sports, such as boxing, wrestling, skating, bowling, swimming, bicycling, walking, running, jumping, etc., etc.]

Billy Glover, of Boston, issues a challenge to any lightweight in the East.
Kid Barne, of Hot Springs, Ark., challenges any 125-pound boxer in the country.

Kid Getto, 2281 First Avenue, New York, will meet any 90-pound boy who thinks he can box.

Mike [Twin] Kmett, of Uniontown, Pa., will box any man his weight, but he neglects to say how much he weighs.

I am on recruiting service, United States Army, at Buffalo, N. Y., and will challenge any soldier in the U. S. Army, on a bicycle from one to three miles, or racing against time. I have rode a bicycle the big-



YOUNG GREENWALD.

He is a 110-pound Boxer of Milwaukee, Wis.

gest part of my life, and I am no amateur, as I can class myself with the professional bicycle riders. No film-dam about this, as I mean business; all state bets will be accepted.—HERBERT QUENAN, U. S. Army, Buffalo, N. Y.

Battling Hurley, Shady-side Hotel, Walling-ton, N. J., is anxious for a fight. He will meet anyone in the 125-pound division.

Billy M. Sheehan, Chick Manning and Bud Guron, of Port Sheridan, Ill., are all clever dancers, and they will meet any one.

Young Greenwald, of Milwaukee, Wis., announces that he is ready to make a match with any 110-pound boy in the country.

Johnny Conrad, of 150 Benton street, Detroit, Mich., challenges anyone to meet him in a bare-knuckling contest. He has a side bet.

Jack Evans, of Salt Lake City, Utah, challenges any lightweight boxer in that section of the country. His manager is J. E. Hoffman.

Maurice F. Ryan, 249 Elm St., Lawrence, Mass., announces that the Arrahawanna Quoit Club challenges any Quoit club in the United States to a series of games.

Cal Smith, of Lafayette, Ind., was a scout in the civil war. He is a crack man with the shotgun, and issues a challenge to any veteran in the United States to meet him either at the trap or in the field.

Terry Edwards, the clever bantam from Brooklyn, wants to get in action again and would like to meet either Jimmy Walsh or Owen Moran, the English boxer. Terry has fought Jimmy Walsh twice and feels that he can take his measure if they are matched again.

SEND THEM IN.

Photographs of any event that will entertain anyone else, and if the subject is good, they will be published free of cost.



BILLY GLOVER.

He is a Clever Lightweight of Boston, Mass.

hands Kauffman landed a short right-hand chopping blow on Barry's jaw. It staggered Dave and he was wobbly for a few seconds, and it is likely that the blow made him groggy for the rest of the bout, as it was a pretty hard rap. Kauffman punched Barry all over the ring, but he could not get to the right spot, and by clinching and stalling Barry managed to stay the round out.

In the second round Kauffman knocked Barry down four times and the bell saved him at the end of the round. In the third round Kauffman sent Barry down with a rap on the jaw and Jack Curley, who was handling him, threw the sponge into the ring in token of defeat, and before Johnny Eckhart stopped the bout.

The preliminary bouts were all good. Eddie Balley stopped Eddie Ward in four rounds. Charley Harvey



WHEN JACK'S ASHORE.

A WELL CONTESTED MOP FIGHT AT GREAT YARMOUTH, ENGLAND, ON THE OCCASION OF THE CHANNEL FLEET SPORTS, WHICH ARE VERY POPULAR WITH THE BOYS.



HOT GOING HERE.

A PILLOW FIGHT ON A SLIPPERY POLE TO INTEREST THE MANY SPECTATORS AT THE FAMOUS CHANNEL FLEET SPORTS HELD AT GREAT YARMOUTH, ENGLAND.



RUNNING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

A 100-YARD DASH OF SOME MEMBERS OF THE LONDON ATHLETIC CLUB AT STAMFORD BRIDGE, IN WHICH, IT IS SAFE TO SAY, NO RECORDS WERE BROKEN.



FUN FOR EVERYONE.

AN OBSTACLE RACE, INDULGED IN BY FAMOUS ATHLETES, WITH BARRELS SUSPENDED AT SUCH A HEIGHT THAT THEY ARE EXTREMELY DIFFICULT TO NEGOTIATE.

BURNS OFF TO ENGLAND

—TO ANNEX THE TITLE OF BRITISH CHAMPION—

TO FIGHT GUNNER MOIR

Looks Like an Easy Proposition for the Canadian, Judged by what Foreign Fighters have Recently Done.

WEEKS WILL TRY TO WREST TITLE FROM ATTELL

Al Kauffman Bears all the Earmarks of a Coming Champion—John L. Sullivan Scores Californians—Magistrates Versus Police in New York.

Tommy Burns was in New York last week on his way to England, where he is matched to fight Gunner Moir during the latter part of November before the National Sporting Club of London, and the contention is made that the title of heavyweight champion of the world will be determined. They will divide a purse of about \$5,000. The men will go twenty rounds, and the winner will take \$4,000 of the purse, while the loser will get about \$1,000. Burns said that he wanted to spend at least four weeks in England before the fight so that he might become acclimated. He is already in good condition, but he will complete his training on English soil.

Burns received \$800 before he left California, and \$500 more for training expenses when he reaches England. Moir, it is understood, will go into training at once. He has never been out of condition, because he has been at work with George Hackenschmidt in wrestling exhibitions, and has recently been giving sparring exhibitions in the London concert halls. He will not require much work to prepare himself for the contest.

It has been difficult to bring Burns to terms for the match. He at first demanded a guarantee of \$5,000. Then he made a proposition of \$4,000. But Peggy Bertson, manager of the National Sporting Club, firmly refused to make any guarantee at all. He made a proposition for the division of the purse for the winner and loser, which was finally accepted by Burns.

Tom McCarney, the fight promoter, of Los Angeles, Cal., has another championship match-a real fight for a title within the weights that the class calls for. He will bring together Freddie Weeks, of Cripple Creek, and Abe Attell, the featherweight champion. Efforts have been made for many months to match these two, but they have failed. At one time Weeks' manager deposited \$1,000 in a Cripple Creek bank which was to be given to Attell for going to the Colorado camp to meet Weeks. He was to receive that amount regardless of the purse. But Abe refused to go to a city so high in the air. He knew that he could not do himself justice in such a climate. The fight, though, between little men under 124 pounds, will be one of the most interesting and scientific that could be brought off in the country.

Al Kauffman, the sturdy young Californian, upon whom Billy Delaney, the astute maker of champions is devoting much solicitude and tender care to be nursed along carefully until the psychological moment when he can be a logical contender for the heavyweight championship, and then and not then will be sent after the best men in the game. Delaney could now match Kauffman against Tommy Burns right away, but this is not his policy, for he believes that his man will show so well within a year that Burns would have to meet him. In the meantime he is hot on the trail of the other heavyweights.

"We are after the best men in the country," said the great trainer. "We have tried to get on matches with all of them, but so far have not succeeded. Kauffman is the coming man. He showed that by the way in a match he best Schreck, who had been touted as a possible champion."

Delaney believes that by the time Burns shall have returned from his trip to England Kauffman will have reached such heights that a match between the two will be inevitable. If Burns beats Gunner Moir he will, of course, take advantage of the opportunity to tour the music halls of England before he comes back and is forced to take a chance with the American heavyweights.

But though the old trainer thinks his protégé will become a world-better, he is not looking for a match with Jack Johnson, the negro. While his shows that he knows that Kauffman's ability is limited, he will not be greatly biased.

Fred Landers, who came from California as clown and companion to Kauffman under Billy Delaney's care, has in his mind the making of a new light weight. Over in Philadelphia the other night he gave Willie Fitzgerald a battle such as he has seldom been in, and Willie has shown some very hard work in the ring. Landers showed that he had learned much since Willie knocked him out two years ago.

Landers showed that he had learned something from Joe Gans during the time that he has spent in the training camp of the negro champion. If he can keep this kind of work it will be a certainty that Bill Delaney has found another good one.

"There must be a sucker born every minute at least on the Coast, or they couldn't keep right on doing business," says John L. Sullivan in his weekly wheeze. "They've had Squires and Phillip Jack, and that didn't stop them from making a \$80,000 house, and see Jimmy Britton turn out to be a colored brother, and an Admission Day at that. The sporting men are on 'frisco way are certainly a grand lot the way they surrender their wallets to every biograph artist that needs the leathers. The officer they are strong the more they are ready for the next 'new' peddler that comes along."

"Out of the ruck of the 'frisco performers, Billy Delaney is pulling one good thing in Al Kauffman, and Al will bear watching from now on. Delaney is a crafty

sport. He has boosted some others up the ladder of fame so that he could reach the bunches of long green that grow at the top, and he will handle Kauffman so he will pick up a lot of experience while he's edging up where the title can be nailed.

"It will be pretty safe playing Kauffman on all his matches for some time to come, for you can gamble that Delaney won't let him get into anything where he doesn't have a big chance of coming out with the long end of it. Delaney will push the youngster against the surest things and the biggest purses until he's squeezed



TERRY MARTIN.

The Clever Philadelphia Welterweight and His Brother, Oscar, Doing a Bit of Training.

out all the experience and all the money there is in the one light stands for his man, then he'll go in for the fight. By that time the young Californian may be due to top it off."

Evidently the "Greatest gladiator of them all" hasn't forgotten yet that it was Billy Delaney who brought out and coached Jim Corbett so well that he made the "Noblest Roman" look like a discarded two spot.

Judge Aspinall, of the Supreme Court of Kings County, in New York State, who, before his elevation to the bench, was known as "Fighting Joe," took a similar punch at the fighting man in his jurisdiction the other day when he refused an injunction to restrain the police from stopping the bouts of the Folly A. C. This is the answer that surprised the critics: "They should let the so-called athletic clubs in Brooklyn be fake organizations."

"They are formed for the purpose of making money. A good college athlete could whip the entire membership of these clubs—one at a time—if given an opportunity. I think that it is an outrage that in Brooklyn clubs of this character should be carried on by young men infested with liquor and the odor of old cigars. I can't care who they are backed by. I certainly would feel insulted if I were a member of an athletic association and my friend, whom I had invited, was charged 50 cents for admission. This practice is simply an evasion of the law."

My sense of justice makes me take an exception to

EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW HOW TO BOX. It is very handy to be able to defend yourself at all times. The best book ever published, written by James J. Corbett, is at your disposal for only 13c. in stamps.

what the learned Judicial mind thinks about the college athlete and the young fighting element which composes the club. I've been mixed up with college athletes and fighters for a good many years and I've never seen any representative of the great seats of learning shine with particular effulgence when they have essayed to try their hands in a glove argument with a professional boxer of class. Only a few weeks ago a man from Yale who had done such marvelous stunts that his friends industriously touted him as the only logical successor to the great Jeffries, came to New York under a phony name for the purpose of knocking the tar out of Joe Rogers. To make a long story short he never had a look in for a minute after the bell rang, and after a few rounds of as fine a walloping as a big man ever got, his friends were glad to draw him away and retire him to the realm of obscurity from whence he came. Judge Aspinall must have been taking his line on fighters from a few lawn tennis and squash champions.

The fighting sharp of the Pacific Coast who were so industriously engaged in "plugging" Bill Squires have now turned on their victim, and according to the "Prisco" papers recently received the writers now unanimously declare that the Australian was never half what his boosters claimed for him. They all have the accounts of the fight with Sullivan, and not one mentions Bill's viciousness, his speed nor his McCoy-like wallop. On the contrary, they say he is too old, too slow and a pipe for a fast man such as Sully.

For even rounds with Sullivan there was not much doing, the latter taking it easy and not taking a chance. After that he pelted them in every place on Bill that there was a chance to and had him looking like a platter of ripe Spanish. Squires was all in during the eighteenth round, and came up for certain defeat in the next. One of the experts, not of the "hot house" variety, says:

"Squires was a distinct disappointment to his friends, but it is well that the fight lasted long enough to give them a line on what he isn't. A heavier man than Sullivan could have finished the Australian as Tommy

"Well, so will I then when I get in the game. But I am not sure I will take up fighting. It all depends on how I get on with my lessons. As I said before, I have all the natural requisites, but I may never be handy with my dukes. I know there is a big pot of money in the game for a topnotcher, and if Tommy Ryan and other well posted men think I cannot reach the top, I will pass it up and elicit to the wrestling mat. I don't need the money, as I am pretty well fixed, but I hate to see so much soft money in sight without making an effort to get some of it."

Mike Morrissey, Herman Plaecke and a few other misfits lasted just like that between pulls on the "long draw!"

While the police are "again" in trying to promote boxing games in New York City they are getting no support from the magistrates of the lower courts before whom they bring the contents of the net after a night of raiding. When Mike Newman, manager of the Long Acre Club, Tommy Nelson and Joe Black were brought before Magistrate Cornell the other day the latter declared that the police were entirely outside of their powers in making the arrests, and suggested that the matter be brought to the District Attorney's attention.

Detective McGuinness and McCann told the Court that the captain had ordered them to enter the building, although the manager had declared that none but members of the club could be admitted.

"I fail to see by what right you arrested these men," snapped the Magistrate. "You have absolutely no evidence to show that an admission fee was charged, and you yourselves say the management refused to sell tickets."

The detectives said that they had been obeying orders.

"I know that," said the Magistrate, "and I'm going to tell you, and your superiors, through you, that I'll discharge these cases as fast as they come before me unless you bring more evidence. Such arrests are ridiculous. These men are discharged."

"Back to Baltimore" for Joe Gans after copping the bundle of kale which rewarded his success in trimming James Edward Britt and George Memsie. He needed \$30,000 to put the finishing touches on the hotel he is building in the Monumental City, and this he got with about \$15,000 more to keep him on the sunny side of Easy street until the returning tide sends the sheikels back over the counter. Speaking of his retirement and turning over the lights to the champion, ship title to Memsie, Gans said he had been in the game about seventeen years, that he is close to thirty-four years old and is tripping along toward the decline. Not that he does not believe that he could successfully make the rounds and trim all the lightweights in the country almost as fast as they could be trotted out, but he has made enough money during the last eighteen months to keep the wolf from the door during the remainder of his life.

Regarding Memsie and his gift-life, he said he knows that titles must be fought for, but that George put up a pretty good fight and that he told him to defend the title against all comers.

"I know the present crop of lightweights," he said, "is not as good as when I started to work my way to the top and Jimmy Britt and Battling Nelson are practically out of the running, and I thought Memsie had it in him to defend the title."

SAM C. AUSTIN.

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Now that the baseball championship games are over we begin to take some post-season interest in the men who made the year a memorable one in the game's history.

Al Orth, of the Yankees, can be accorded the high position without a murmur of disapproval of being the headliner pitcher now playing "baseball." Al is the possessor of a knowledge of batmen and his ability to pitch the ball just where the batsman doesn't want it. He doesn't carry a tab on which is written all he knows of opposing batsmen, as some pitchers have been known to do, but he keeps right in his shrewd noddle all he needs to puzzle the other fellows.

If Clark Griffith was now pitching he would be the one selected as the head pitcher.

The pitcher who has the best and biggest curve ball is Leon Ames, of the Glants. Leon, when at his best, can make the ball talk. He has a very wide curve, but relies mostly on his drop, which has a bigger break than even Christy Mathewson's famous "wadoo-ahs."

For control "Bad Bill" Donovan, of the Detroiters, has surely earned the reputation this season of having better control than any pitcher in the big leagues. His work in that line has been so good that his name recently in Philadelphia stamped him as a wonder. Twice during that game Bill had three balls and no strikes called on him, with the bases full both times, still he put the next three balls over the plate and had no more.

As for speed, "Smoot" of the White Sox, is credited with being a second Amos Rusie, the "Hoosier Cyclone." Addie Joss, of the Clevelanders, is a close second to Smith, if not fully up to the speedy White Sox. Smith is a wonder when it comes to stealing the ball.

"Doc" White, of the White Sox, is without doubt the fastest running pitcher. He fairly burns up the base lines in getting the bases covered, and on long hits.

"Old Cy" Young, of the Boston Americans, must be handed the palm for coolness in the box. The game he pitched in Boston a year or two ago, when not one of his opponents reached first base, shows how cool and clear-headed the veteran is in pinches.

Christy Mathewson is considered about the hardest batting pitcher, although "Big Sid" has not as high a batting average as some other pitchers. The Orth, Kih-han and others, but Christy can surely sting the ball hard when he leans up against it.

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E. H. Z. Shenandoah, Pa.—Your question not plain.

W. G., Notre Dame, Province of Quebec.—A scores one. D would score two.

W. H., Fresno, Cal.—We did publish John H. Duff's portrait, but the paper is out of print. He is now dead.

J. B., Bellingham, Wash.—Did Jack Johnson beat Fitzsimmons? ... Fitzsimmons was counted out in the second round.

W. L. R., Searchlight, Nev.—Is Coal Oil Johnny still living? ... Believes he died within a few years. Cannot decide a bet though.

R. F. V., St. Louis, Mo.—Previous answer should have been no. There is no rule covering the point, as you say. Bet should have been a draw.

J. B. M., Newark, N. J.—A shakes nine, ten, jack, queen and king; B shakes ten, jack, queen, king and ace; who wins? ... Ace is high spot here; B wins.

F. J., Park City, Utah.—A, B and C playing an ordinary pot in poker, that is, not jack-pot; A ante; B and C pass; D bets; can B and C back in and play in this pot? ... No.

Patron.—Cribbage; I hold three sevens and an ace and seven turned up on the deck; I claimed twenty-six for the hand, they gave twenty-four; which is correct? ... Twenty-four.

W. M., Oxford, Mass.—Did Tommy Burns fight Jack Johnson on Labor Day? ... I they never fought. 2. The fact that he calls himself champion doesn't mean that he is.

C. R., Fall River, Mass.—In what round did Gans whip Britt on Sept. 18, 1907? A bets that the fight lasted five rounds; B bets it was six rounds; which is right? ... Five rounds.

B. F. C., St. Louis, Mo.—In a game of five-up: A is 2; B is 1; A dealer turns up 3; B bets; A runs the cards and makes high game; B makes low; does A's Jack count? ... Certainly.

J. J. H., Buffalo, N. Y.—A bets 3 that Towns beat Gaudaur; B says no; who wins? ... Yes; Towns beat Gaudaur in 1901; 3 miles in 32 minutes 32 seconds for the championship of the world.

T. S., Blandburg, Pa.—Did James J. Corbett punch Charley Mitchell in the mouth after or at the time the last fight was fought between them? ... At Miner's Bowery Theatre, before their fight.

J. M., Gainesville, Fla.—Is a bet fair bet or a bet at all if one party bets on an absolute certainty? ... Yes. The party taking the negative end is willing to back his opinion against his opponent's knowledge.

F. S., Fall River, Mass.—A bets that Gans would lick Menzies; B bets that he would not; B claims that a man is not ticked till he either quits or is knocked out? ... A wins. A decision in Gans' favor decides this bet.

R. H. P., Columbus, Kan.—Give the number, if possible, of the persons which have been killed by playing bascule? And also the number which have been killed while playing football? ... No authentic statistics are available.

M. A. C., Newark, N. J.—A bet B that Newark (Eastern League) team would not finish in the first division; Newark and Jersey City are for the fourth place which is last place in the first division; would you call this a draw, or who wins? ... Fourth place is in the first division, and all teams finishing there are equal.

W. E., Ottawa, Ill.—Two opposite sides must count sevens.

E. M., Ashtabula Harbor, Ohio.—What is Joe Gans' address? ... Baltimore, Md.

D. McD., Schenectady, N. Y.—Where is the best place to buy stage money? ... Spalding's, Nassau St., New York City.

A. A. T., Orange, N. J.—What is a Marathon race? ... Name of a long race called after the famous historical course in Greece.

R. H. H., Chicago, Ill.—Has Battling Nelson fought Terry McGovern within the last two years? ... Yes; on March 14, 1906, at Philadelphia, Pa.

J. W. E., Tulsa, I. T.—A and B playing pitch, five points; A is four; B is 2; A bids 2; B bids 3, makes high Jack game; A plays low; who wins? ... A wins.

Reader, Yonkers, N. Y.—State weight of Bob Fitzsimmons and Jack Dempsey at the time of their fight for the middleweight championship? ... 150½ and 147½ respectively.

S. T., Lorain, Ohio.—The only authentic long-distance record in fresh water we have is five miles in a bath, 49 turns, by Paul Neumann, Chicago, 3 hours, 58 minutes, 3½ seconds.

F. D. S., New York.—Are callers and called hands in a Jack-pot compelled to show their five cards face up? ... That is the game. Hands must be shown when called for, not part of a hand.

C. R., Sedro-Woolley, Wash.—Was George Dixon ever knocked out in a regular prize fight? ... Yes. Sent six two-cent stamps for "Police Gazette Sporting Annual," containing particulars.

M. G. A., Seneca, Ill.—A wager was made that Gans would knock out Britt in ten rounds; who takes the money? ... As they did not fight ten rounds and Britt was not knocked out, neither side could win or lose.

A. and B., Brooklyn.—1. The temporary courtesy is usually allowed by the Bar Association in the State where the visiting attorney desires to practice. 2. To practice steadily he must pass the Regent's examination and be admitted to the bar.

F. A. R.—If four men are playing draw poker and each man has five dollars in front of him and no bet is made, and an outsider takes a dollar from in front of one of these players; who owns the money—the player or the table? ... The player.

C. B. B., Jr., Elkhart, Ind.—A, B and C are playing poker; A opens; B and C say; A says "I check," but does not bet; B says "I pass," and does not bet; C bets; under local rules A's hand is alive; is B's? ... No. We do not answer questions by mail.

C. F. B., Milford, Neb.—Was James J. Corbett ever champion of the world? Was James J. Corbett ever champion of the world? ... Was James J. Corbett Sullivan down? ... 1. No. 2. No. 3. An amateur in an exhibition contest, Mitchell and Corbett.

J. E. H., Bingham Canyon, Utah.—A game of pitch; 11 points; A is 10; B is 9; A bids 2; B bids 3, and

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makes low, Jack and game; A makes high; who wins?

A three-handed game of pool; banking fifth ball and all after; A and C have four balls each; A calls bank and makes it; at the same time makes another ball off cue ball; does last ball count? ... A wins. 2. Certain.

J. P., Chicago.—I have made a bet with a fellow that Gans and Nelson fought twice; that is once after the forty-two round fight; one fellow bet me that Nelson fought Gans once before the forty-two round fight? ... They have only fought once; Sept. 3, 1906.

E. W., Ancon, Canal Zone.—What date was the latest fire in Seattle, Wash.? ... The latest fire in the history of Seattle occurred on the Southwest corner of Front street (now First Avenue) and Madison street, in the basement of a two story frame building. The cause



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was the overturning of a glue pot. This was on June 6, 1889, at 2:45 P. M. The fire burned all the business portion of the city including every brick building but one, and extending in a long narrow strip along the water front. The loss was about twelve million dollars.

L. E., Hoquiam, Wash.—Cribbage; two-handed; 8 plays the 2; L the 4; S the 3, and claims run of 3; L plays the 5, and claims run of 4; S plays the 1, and claims run of 5; L plays the 2, and claims run of 3; S and L had no run of 3? ... The last three makes a run of five.

Reader, St. Louis, Mo.—Poker, five-handed; A, B, C, D and E in the game; Opens Jackpot; D calls; the dealer demands to know how many cards each player wants; C remarks: "All I can get;" the dealer gave him three cards, and C had three kings to open the pot with; could C's hand be fouled? ... Conversation doesn't make the game; if C accepted the three cards

and tried to play out the three kings with six cards his hand was foul, but he needn't have picked up but two of the cards dealt him after he had discarded, in which case his hand would not have been foul.

J. B., Bingham Junction, Utah.—On what river was it that Ed Hanlan, of Toronto, Can., rowed against Robert Watson Boyd, of Middleboro, for the championship of England, about 1885? ... It was the best of our knowledge it was on the Tyne. Records have all been destroyed in fire.

U. C., Fall River, Mass.—A bets that George Menzies was licked by Joe Gans in their last battle; B bets he lost on points only. Lost on points, but it counts as "licked" just the same. B is trying to evade the payment of a fairly lost bet on an alleged technicality; pay up and look pleasant.

J. W. P., La Plata, Mo.—Poker game; A opens the pot; B makes it 55 cents; C calls and D bets \$3 more; A lays down and B calls the \$3 and bets \$1 more. C lays down; D does not call the \$1 raise till after he draws cards; who is entitled to the money? ... D cannot draw cards until he calls the raise.

G. F., New Rochelle, N. Y.—Did Sullivan and Ryan meet in the prize ring twice, if so, was one battle on the expand and the other on a barge? ... They met three times. The first was in Milwaukee; Sullivan won in nine rounds. The second was in Madison Square garden, stopped by police. The third in San Francisco, Ryan knocked out in three rounds. The fight on the barge was Sullivan and John Flood.

G. W. S., Jr., Green Cove Springs, Fla.—S. F. bets G. N. that Jack Johnson did not break Fitzsimmons' jaw in their fight? Had Jeffries drawn the color line before he retired? Did Jack Johnson ever challenge Jeffries? How long do you suppose Jack would stay in the ring with Jeffries? ... He did not. 2. Yes. 3. Yes, but when he got a chance to fight in private declined the opportunity. 4. We have no opinion to offer.

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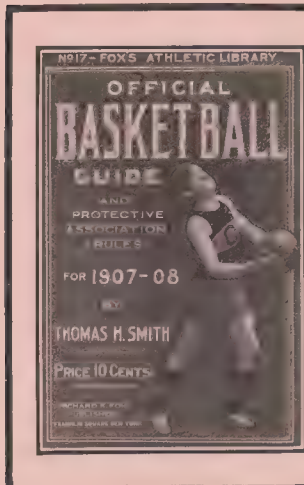
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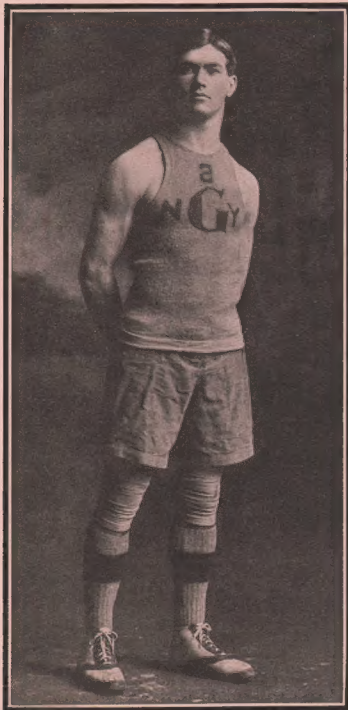
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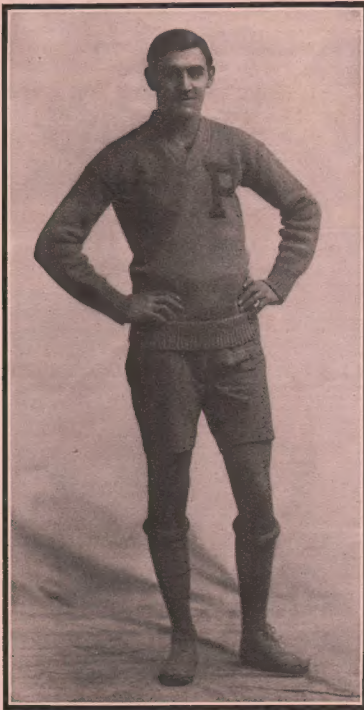
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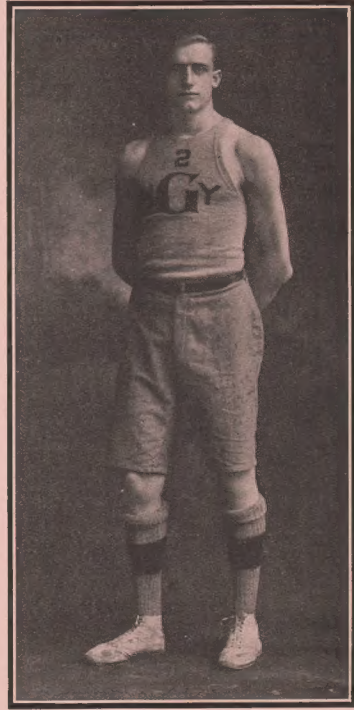
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